EARTH'S SHADOW.

When apirit darkens the bloom of day? The shorored meadow no sweetness yields; A silence rests on the waveless fields; The world is haggard and grant and gray.

The clouds drift wearily over the sky;
The grain is yellow, the hills are bare;
A heaviness broods in the quiot air;
The streamlet sobe as it passes by.

But yesterday morn the flowers were sweet, The day was bright and the world was young; and in the even the throstle sung. And his song was glad and the hours were fleet.

But a misty darkness glimmers athwart The fields today, and the hours are long; And I hear a dirge in the throatle's song; For the gloom is the shadow of thee, my heart.

—Chambers' Journal.

IN NORTHERN WILDS.

I was one of ten, five boys and five girls. My father, a clergyman of the English church, was grateful to Proviten, but I think that in reality he was more grateful they were not eleven. The problem of his life, the worry of attempting to solve which helped to bring him to his grave, was how to provide a living for us all. As he died before a single one of us was provided for, he might have saved himself much anxiety.

I was not the eldest of the family, but the second son. The oldest had been sent to one of the universities, and had followed the very glorious but impecunious profession of his father, without a "living" and without definite hope of obtaining one. I was intended for the Indian civil service; possibly the viceroyship, but the examiners at Burlington house failed to recognize my fitness for such great possibilities, therefore I determined to emigrate, and a friend of my mother's hearing of my determination secured for me, by personal interest, a berth in the Hudson's Bay company. I was duly engaged and signed a document as long as a deed of transfer, by which I bound myself to serve the company, even to the extent of defending their property with my life.

I sailed to Montreal and presenting my credentials there was soon informed that my services would be required at a post in the far north in charge of one John McIvor. There was also intrusted to my care a pair of fowls, Plymouth Rocks. with the request that I would deliver them safely into the hands of Mr. McIvor. mention this fact seeing that these fowls played an important part in the events which I am about to relate.

On my arrival at my destination, after eleeping about forty nights under canvas. was glad of the comfort which reigned at Fort Trial, due chiefly to the domestic energy of Mrs. McIvor, a bright, pleasant little woman, who seemed out of place in the heart of this "great lone

Mr. McIvor was Scotch, as his name would imply, a rough and ready man, with a heart of steel, but which on occasion could be as soft as a woman's. After reading the dispatches which I handed

"Weel, young mon, I dinna see what the likes o' you can do in a country like this. Had na ye better gae back before it is too late? "I won't go back, sir, unless you send

me back," I answered. "Ah, weel; boy, stay where you are. It's no always the coarsest twine that

stands the biggest strain." So I entered into my duties without another discouraging word from Mr. McIvor, who, though a perfect martinet in the matter of duty, was kindness itself in the privacy of his own house. There were two other clerks beside my self, who staved there only during the

summer, but who in the fall took charge of small trading establishments, outposts as they are called, returning to Fort Trial after the winter's hunt was

Like most young Englishmen I had formed my ideas of Indians on a Fenimore Cooper basis, but the noble red man fell far short of my ideal. I found him to be a selfish, ungrateful, treacherous savage, whose power for evil was luckily curtailed by his cowardice. I do giot say that there are no good points in un Indian's character; we find good points in the character of a dog or a horse, but we do not set the horse or glog on a pedestal and proclaim him all that is perfect; rather we keep clear of his heels and teeth respectively until we know something of the brute's idiosyncrasies. One has to do the same with Indians. Be thoroughly on your guard until you have proved that they can be trusted, and don't trust them then. Mr. McIvor had the most supreme contempt for them-a contempt which he never tried to hide. He used to say:

"They are cowards, arrant cowards, and are afraid o' you, e'en like a dog." It was not long after my arrival that I had a sort of adventure which gave great sport to the other clerks, and even Mr. McIvor himself would occasionally make joking allusions to it.

There was a river running about 100 yards from the store; it was deep and fairly swift. One day as I was working In the store I heard a scream which appeared to come from the river. I ran out and down to the bank, from where I waw an old woman struggling in the water; she had been fishing and her canoe had upset. There were about a dozen Indians looking on, but they only laughed and made not the slightest novement toward helping her. Indians, as a rule, are cruel to the old. They look upon them as incumbrances from which they are not sorry if an accident relieves them. I saw that this poor old thing was in distress and likely to be drowned, so I jumped into the river and swam out to her assistance, not before, however, relieving my mind by abusing soundly the men who would cheerfully have let her sink before their eyes. It was no difficult task to bring the poor old thing ashore, and when I had done so the poor creature followed me as I walked toward the house, crying in earnest tones:

"Meegwitch! meegwitch!" meaning "Thank you, thank you." But I found

Woen Baby was not, we gave her Casteria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

this very annoying, for the Indians all laughed at me in my wet clothes and at the old woman, whose clothes were also wet and very thin, as she clung to me, with her incessant "Meegwitch, meegwitch."

The chaff that I suffered from my com panions was merciless. I was dubbed "The Knight Errant," "The Heroic Preserver," etc., until I graw sick of it; but to have lost my temper would only have made it worse, so I suffered in silence, and to aggravate my suffering the old woman thought it her duty to present me with every extra large fish that she caught, or if her son-in-law threw her a beaver tail or a moose nose, or any other delicacy especially prized by In-dians, they were sure to find their way to my room, and each demonstration of the kind only added to the fun. After a time I began to pick up the Indian language, and as I always had a sneaking regard for the old woman, I often made use of her assistance in acquiring it. In fact we became fast friends, I cementing the friendship by gifts of a little flour, sugar or tea

I received less chaffing in the winter. for the other clerks had long since taken dence for having filled his quiver with their departure for their respective outposts, and I was left sole occupant of it was called.

It was coming on to the end of March when an event occurred which made me | meaning now. glad that I had pulled the old woman out of the river and treated her with some consideration, if not kindness. The two fowls which I had brought safely to their destination had fairly survived the rigor of the winter. In fact Mrs. McIvor announced one day at dinner that she had found one egg which the hen had laid. But shortly afterward there was consternation in that household. The two fowls had been found dead, and an Indian dog was quietly making a meal off one of them. The hole whereby he had effected an entrance was stopped up

body down on the frozen river. Now it happened that this dog belonged to Match-ee-ninie, an old Indian claiming to be chief of the band, and who had the reputation of being a coninvor and A cannibal, in consequence of which the Indians all feared him and obeyed him.

before he could escape, and Mr., McIvor,

using his revolver, had the satisfaction

He came into the store that evening and spoke to Mr. McIvor thus:

"You pay me for my dog." "How much?" asked Mr. McIvor.

"Twenty weeg." The Hudson Bay mpany use at inland posts a standard for value, the name differing in different localities. A weeg equals about fifty

"All right," said McIver, "I will pay you for your dog if you pay me for my

"How much?" "Twenty weeg."

The Indian sow that he was cancht and walked out with a muttered "Kish." meaning, "Hold on, we shall see." Next evening he again came to the store, and said: "There are bad people about; I have seen a wendigo. You pay me for my dog." (Wendigo: a spirit, a ghost, giant, something uncanny.)

"Get the wendige to pay you," said Mr. McIvor, laughing, and again the man slunk off. Mr. McIvor knew the Indian nature well, and he said to me: "That old fellow is up to some devil-

ment. That's what they always do when they want to do an evil trick themselves: pretend that some one else is going to do We had better keep a watch on the place; he might set fire to it."

We watched that night, but nothing unusual occurred. After dinner next day, as I was endeavoring to recuperate a bit from night watching by a short snooze, I became aware of a presence, pening my eyes saw standing over me, with her finger on her lips to enjoin silence. When she saw that I was awake she whispered hurriedly:

'Run! Indians going to kill trader, kill all white people in the store. Match-eeninie keep trader's wife. You good to old

woman, Run!" And the old woman, casting an anxious look at the door, hobbled away as fast as

I did run, but it was to Mr. McIvor, who was at that moment walking down to the store with his wife. I breathlessly related to Mr. McIvor as

nearly as I could remember them the words of the old woman. "There's something in it," he said,

and we must be prepared for them. Let us look for our guns. The loons mean business."

His wife, who had heard all, looked frightened, and he turned to her saying: "Which is it, Maggie? Wi'us, or at the hoose?" With you, John, till the death," she

answered boldly. He gave her a look of admiration and affection, and hastily rose to collect and load our arms.

But we were too late: while we were talking in the office the store had silently filled with Indians, their faces sinister and threatening as they stood ranged up against the high counter. So intent had we been on the discussion that we had not heard the soft tread of their moccasined feet, and there we stood, fairly caught, face to face with death.

It is hard to remember what passed think that my feelings were more those newspaper, or, what was more likely, no notice at all, for the Hudson's Bay comferent, I thought, would it have been if I were in the army. Then if I had to die my name would be mentioned with pride ossibly my portrait might appear in The Illustrated London News, So dear to humanity is the praise it receives when kansaw Traveler. no longer alive to hear it, when the pleasure of the praise is but in the anticipa-

I watched Mr. McIvor with a certain amount of curiosity, not unmixed with hone, to see what he would do. He did not hesitate a moment, but drawing his wife to his side and pa around her waist be said:

You have come, I believe, to kill me?" "Yes," answered Match-ee-ninie, "to kill you as you killed my dog."

"All right," answered Mr. McIvor coolly; "but surely we may as well take a smoke before you kill."

Whether the Indians were swayed by the force of a superior will, or whether they were themselves glad to put off a tragedy which they had pledged them-size of a pec, which, when dried, turns solves to perform, I cannot say; but they | black.—Exchange.

and each producing his pipe leisurely filled it and commenced to smoke, as if they had come there for nothing else. In the meanwhile Mr. McIvor had quietly drawn toward him a small keg of gunpowder containing about twenty-five pounds. He deftly removed the head; then taking a candle and lighting it with the same match with which he lit his pipe he thrust it down into the powder to within two inches of the flame. quietly had he done this that the Indians, who were at the moment angaged in lighting their pipes, did not notice it. It was a solemn kind of a smoke. Not another word was spoken on either side. The only thing that woke the dead silence was the occasional "puff, puff" of a pipe that would not draw. I watched the candle with a kind of fascination and saw an inch burn away. I was fearful lest a spark should drop from it, and thus rob us of our full two inches of life; but the candle burned steadily on. There was but half an inch left.

I remember that I wondered if the plovers had begun to make their nests in the marshes at home; if my brother Charley had come home for the Easter holidays, and if he would know where the migle thrush always built her nest the clerks' quarters, or "clerks' house," as in the big elm tree; but my reveries were broken by a movement among the Indians and a muttered "non-gom.

Match-ee-ninie arose and with him all the rest of the Indians, with their guns in their hands. Mr. McIvor, who was watching them, made a movement toward the candle in the gunpowder. The movement attracted the attention of the Indians, and they now for the first time comprehended the situation. A minute later there was not an Indian in the store. They had gone out as silently and suddenly as they had come in, leaving us in sole possession, but with the candle burning dangerously near the powder. Mr. McIvor now care fully approached the keg, and with a steady hand raised the candle from its dangerous candlestick. Not one moment of shooting the brute and pitching his too soon, for scarcely had he lifted it clear off the keg when the few grains of powder which had adhered to it came in contact with the flame and were ignited; but we were saved.

The sudden revulsion of feeling took the strength completely out of my legs, and I sat down helplessly on a box, until the voice of Mr. McIvor ordering me to shut the door and look it recalled me to my senses. Mrs. McIvor olseped her husband around the neck and kissed him passionately. He was not unmoved for the moment; but suddenly he burst out laughing, and said in his broadest

"Did ve see the look o' the auld diel when he caught sight o' the candle i' the pouther, Maggie?" But Maggie did not near him; she had fainted, and the man who had been cheerfully looking death in the face for the last half hour now became as frightened as a child when he saw his wife in a fainting fit. "Will she come around, dy'e think?" he asked in a tone of intense anxiety. There was no need to answer him, for Mrs. McIvor answered the question herself by sitting up and bursting into tears. For some time afterward we lived pre

pared for a siege, but the Indians never made sign again of attempting to injure us; in fact they became nighty civil, and in the spring, when communication by water had been re-established, we had no difficulty in securing our friend Match-ee-ninie, who was safely transported to the far west, where he soon pined away and died. Of the old woman who had done us such service I could gather but little information. I never saw her again; she had completely disappeared. It was whispered that Matchee-ninie, having found out that she had warned us, quietly made away with her, so that practically she gave her life for mine. Can it therefore be wondered at that I prize her memory, especially as in

Neensi is a little red bean, which is that I prize her memory, especially as in her I have found through long experience the one solitary exception to the treacherous ingratitude of the North

American Indiana? Shortly after these events Mr. McIvor received charge of a district on the borbut that I should accompany him to his from the pressure of the oily substance new charge, and so favorably did he rein the peanut.—Exchange. port of me to headquarters that I rose rapidly in the service, and ere-many years had passed was in charge of a district of my own.-C. C. Carr, Buffalo Express,

A Newspaper Eleptomaniae.

There is an old, gray baired, venerable appearing gentleman who is often seen bout the corridors of the Hoffman ouse and the Fifth Avenue hotel. He is a newspaper kleptomaniac. Just leave Carelessly he picks it up and glances

After a few minutes, if no one observes him, he folds the paper carefully, puts it the papers, then disappears.—New York

Mass of Meteors.

The particles of matter producing shooting stars may be astonishingly mi-nute. In a recent investigation Mr. through my mind at that moment. I C. C. Hutchins has found that on the supposition that the rays of a meof indignation than of fear. It vexed me | teor have the same ratio of visible to toto think of death at the hands of those tal energy as those of the standard canbrutes, an inglorious death, of which but die the mass of a meteor at a distance of a passing notice might appear in some fifty miles, having a magnitude equal to Vega and a velocity of twenty-five miles a second, would be about four and onepany have never cared to publish abroad half grains if it continued two seconds such little mishaps as these. How dif- A lump of the Emmett county, Ia., iron meteorite burned in an electric current gave ten times the light of the candle; hence the mass of a meteor giving the by my family as well as with regret, and light of a first magnitude star moving with parabolic velocity, and lasting two seconds, is less than a half grain.-Ar-

> The History of Pepper. The value of pepper in cooking seems to have been known long ago. Its use as a medicine was common in the days of Hippocrates, who applied it, moistened with alcohol, to the skin of his patients. Just as sugar and tea have been in past times so dear as only to be within the reach of the wealthy, so pepper was in the Middle Ages a very costly condiment. So much was it valued that a small packet was at that time deemed a suitable present to offer a great person, Common or black pepper is now grown in many tropical countries. It is a climbing plant some twelve feet high, bearing fruit of a bright red color the

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Oueer and Palatable Dishes Eaten Without Much Ceremony.

As a rule only one principal meal is esten in central Africa—in the early part of the evening. It usually consists of parrot soup, roasted or stewed monkeys, alligator eggs (also well liked by Europeans) and birds of every description. They also have mosmbo, or palm chops, and fish. A great delicacy, so considered by Europeans and natives alike, is elephant's feet and trunk. These have comewhat the taste of veal. To prepare them the natives dig a hole about five feet deep in the sand, and in it build a large fire. After the sand is thoroughly heated the fire is removed, leaving only the ashes in the hole. The trunk and feet are placed in this hole and covered with leaves, and afterward with hot sand. In two hours they are done.

All caroasses of animals which are to be cooked are placed on a block of wood and pounded until every bone is broken, care being taken not to tear or bruise the skin. They are then boiled or roasted on an open wood fire or in hot sand or ashes, without removing the hide or feathers. The cooking is of a very inferior grade, the only spices used being salt and pepper. The kitchen utensils consist of common earthen or woodenware. Very little time is taken for setting or decorating the table; knives, forks and napkins are dispensed with.

Africans have several vegetables well liked by Europeans. N'gutti-n'sengo is a dish eaten all over Africa. It consists of egg plant, small fish somewhat like our sardines and the roots of the cassavs or manioca plant (called nigutti), which have a knotty appearance and often weigh as much as twenty pounds.

As the latter contains poison the manioca is soaked in water for three to four days to extract the poisonous substance. It is then cut and sliced and small tomatoes are added. All is placed in a vessel with water, and seasoned with salt and pepper and boiled. Moambo, or, as the Europeans call it, palm chops, is also a favorite dish. The palm nuts are first boiled in water until the pulpy substance loosens from the pit then the shell, which contains a very delicious oil, is placed in a wooden mortar and crushed to obtain the oil. Whatever the meal consists of-meat, fish, mussels is put in a vessel, adding the oil and the pulpy part of the palm nut, also red pepper and salt, and is boiled. Roast or boiled squash (loenge) is generally eaten with it. Sweet potatoes (m'balla benga) are more farinaceous and sweeter than ours, but de not taste so good. They are boiled or roasted.

Bananas (bitaebe) weigh about half a pound each and are about fifteen inches long. When half ripe they are cut in

boiled in water without salt or pepper and is freely eaten. For peanut bread chisulu) the peanuts are first roasted and then crushed. This mass is then rolled and put into the skin of a banana adding a little pressure, forming it into ders of civilisation. Nothing would do a body. It readily retains this shape

Gaming for a Man's Life.

Before the war a man was on trial in Landerdale county for murder. The circumstantial evidence against the man was very strong, and when the jury retired and took a ballot the result was six for conviction and six for acquittal. It remained this way for two days and nights, neither side showing any disposition to change their minds. At last one a paper lying on a seat and watch him. of the jury, named Silvertooth, proposed He gets up, looks about unconcernedly a game of seven up between the opposand soon sits down next to the paper. ing sides, one man to be selected from each side, and whoever won the losing side was to stand by the result.

This was agreed to, and Silvertooth, who was in favor of acquitting the prisin his pocket, then calls for an imported oner, and another juror, who was strong-Henry Clay and pays for it from a good ly in favor of conviction, commenced the sized wallet at the cigar stand. In the game. It was a hotly contested game course of the evening he usually gets all and such juror had scored six points when it came Silvertooth's time to deal He shuffled the cards carefully and dealt off the right number to each and then turned a jack, which made him win the game and which saved the prisoner's ife. The six who were for conviction voted with the other six for acquittal and the prisoner was discharged from custody.-Atlanta Constitution.

> Whitewash as a Disinfectant. The value of whitewash in destroying

infection has been investigated by a doctor of the Pisa university. He tried the experiment on the microbes of cholera. typhoid, carbuncle and tuberculosis. Portions of the walls of a room were infected with the various microbes and covered with a coat of whitewash, the room being closed hermetically for twenty-four hours. The doctor then found that the whitewash effectually destroyed the cholers and typhoid bacillus, but the microbes of the other diseases survived several repeated applications -New York Telegram.

His Father's Old Teeth.

Little James had been imparting to the minister the important and cheerful information that his father had got a new set of false teeth. 'Indeed, James' replied the minister indulgently. "And what will he do

with the old set?" "Oh, I s'pose," replied little James, "they'll cut 'em down and make me wear 'em."-New York Ledger.

The water barometer in St. Jacque tower, Paris, has a glass tube over forty-one feet long and about three-quarters of an inch in diameter—the largest yet

Can Bead His Bible in the Dark. When Henry G. Stevens, of Bridge port, Conn., sits down to read his Bible person watching him might think he had a pile of thin cedar boards in his lap, and as he turns leaf after leaf they crackle and fall with a thud. Another remarkable thing about Mr. Stevens reading his Bible is that he needs no light to search the Scriptures with, and it is not necessary for him to look at the book. He has the biggest, heaviest and meerest Bible in Connecticut. He is a eaf and blind soldier of the rebellion. His wonderful Bible was presented to him by the American Bible society, and it cost \$28 to produce the book for him.

It is in eight volumes, with embossed orint, and he reads it by touch, feeling the letters; yet he is apt and quick at that kind of perusal. The whole eight STANDARD, volumes are quite a lift for a man of ordinary strength. Each volume is 154 inches long, 12 inches wide and about 6 inches thick. Pile the volumes one on another and the aggregate thickness of the stack is 8 feet and 8 inches. Altogether there are 1,849 leaves in the Bible, on each one of which is a full page of raised letters. Mr. Stevens is 51 years old, and began to study raised letter reading less than three years ago. He s now a ready reader.—Cor. New York

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The attempt recently made in the United States navy to light the binnacks of ships with electricity, according to reports made, was not successful. By bringing an incandescent lamp close to the compass it seems a deflection of the needles could be pro-

'Ah! gone away for a rest I suppose? "No; he has gone away on a vacation. Boston Courier.

"Is your father in?"

"No: he is in the country."

A Method in His Wildness. During a hunt a lieutenant fired at a rabbit, but missed it and narrowly missed the major of his regiment, who was in front of him. "Dognerwetter!" exclaimed the ma-

"I say, lieutenant, are you shooting at rabbits or for promotion?"—Texas Siftings. The Rise and Fall.

Clothier and Furnisher.

time when it is kept at a certain distance from the ground. That must be why yours is so irregular. Griggs-I don't see the point. Briggs-Because it is put up so often.

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